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Cords



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EVERY motorist owes it to himself to give Michelin Tires a trial in comparison with other makes.

The new and improved tread compound; the extra width and thickness of tread; the sturdy oversize body; the recognized easy

riding qualities; the superior protection against skidding—all these advantages are yours in the truly wonderful 1921 Michelin Cord Tire.

And Michelin's moderate prices are not the least of Michelin advantages.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, N. J.

Factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy—Dealers everywhere

Life

Figures in American Folk Lore

By Dorothy Parker

The Tired Business Man



He is invariably slightly bald.

He believes that an actress's beauty is only knee deep.

He enjoys no form of entertainment save musical comedies. At serious dramas, he promptly falls into audible slumber.

He is wholly miserable when in the country, even though his stay is but an hour or two in duration.

He reads only the newspaper, and can't get all the way through that.

He is all out of touch with his wife's endeavors to crash into society.

He concedes that Irving Berlin can write music and Rube Goldberg can draw, and that is as far as he goes.

His stenographer is the constant object of his wife's suspicions.

Every evening finds him in a state of complete exhaustion.

The Actress

She is always at least twice as old as she looks on the stage. She is able to play emotional rôles only after she has suffered.

She takes personally all the tribulations of the heroine that she is impersonating. At the end of the big scene, she is a total wreck.

She never rises until afternoon.

A line of men in evening clothes, wearing silk hats and white mufflers, and carrying canes and paper-wrapped bouquets, waits for her at the stage door, after every performance.

She could have any millionaire that she happened to fancy. It is a question of grave doubt whether or not her jewels are real.

She has a daughter fourteen years old, and a son just about to enter Yale.

She never stays married more than a year or so at a time.



Little Lessons for Little Minds

Poor Perkins is having a sad time trying to decide which lady to marry. In strict confidence we will tell you that both are going to refuse him.

This shows the needlessness of worry.



That secluded spot you told a friend about in secret.

Club Trophies

"WHAT do you think of having these trophies about the club?" said Mallet to me. Mallet is Chairman of the House Committee.

"Splendid," I responded.

"Creates a lot of enthusiasm, doesn't it?" he continued.

"It does, indeed," I concurred.

"Yes," he went on, "it livens things up a lot. We're running three pool and two billiard tournaments, one chess affair, besides checkers, dominoes and bridge. And there's always squash—"

"Yes," I agreed, "come what may, there's always squash. But," I added, "I think you ought to give still more trophies."

"More trophies?"

"Yes. For instance, I could never hope to win recognition in any of the present contests. And you have no idea how much I would enjoy having my name inscribed on a club trophy. Nothing impresses a club guest more than to see his host's name up somewhere, unless"—and here I gave Mallet a keen glance—"it is up on the list of members whose credit is suspended for non-payment of house charges."

"I see," said Mallet. "What would you suggest?"

"Well," said I, "you might—for example—offer a cup to the member who consumes the greatest number of club sandwiches over a six-month period."

"I might," he agreed. "I said, 'I might,'" he repeated cautiously.

"Don't, if you don't want to," said I. "That was merely a suggestion."

"Have you any more?" he asked.

"Why not? There are no end of pleasant rivalries that could easily be made into club contests. Put up a tablet bearing the name of the club cigarette fiend. Offer a silk embroidered banner to the man who receives the greatest amount of mail—or who makes the greatest number of telephone calls—or the one who leads everybody else in taking cold showers—"

"Yes, yes," said Mallet, a bit absently.

"And you certainly ought to give a cup to the club bore—"

"I agree with you there," said Mallet heartily. Then he said something which showed me how lacking in humor he is.

"Come out in the kitchen with me," he said. "I'll let you pick out the cup for yourself."

Henry William Hanemann.

The Low-Brow Dictionary

DUMA: A noted French writer.

ESOPHAGUS: The fellow who wrote all those fables about animals.

FUGUE: A long drawn-out battle between mountaineers.

HIBISCUS: A kind of sweet cracker.

MONSOON: The French for gentleman.

PLEBISCITE: One of the common people.

PYGMY: A very small hog.

POGROM: A printed plan for a play or concert.

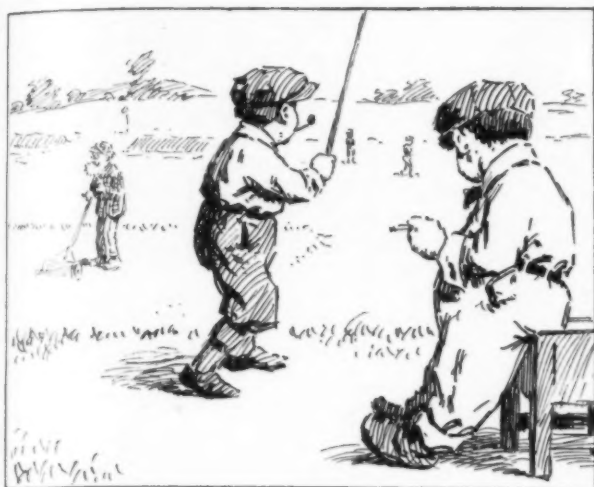
SYNCHRONIZE: To write music in ragtime.

SEXAGENARIAN: A person who writes sex scenarios for moving pictures.

SEXTANT: A piece of music requiring six singers or players.

Drawn by A. B. FROST

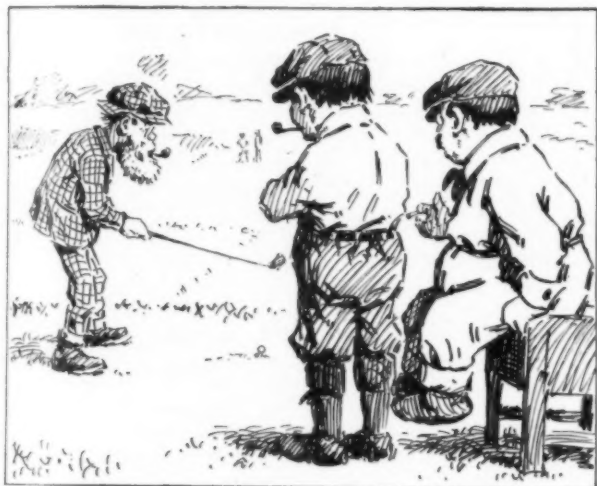
He Was a Scot



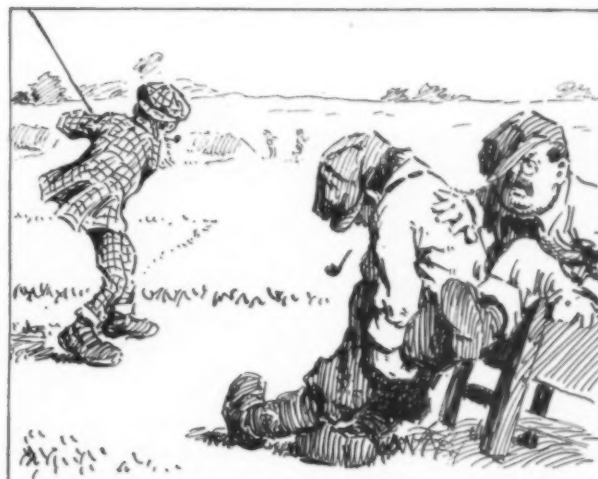
"That's some drive, I'll say, Jim."
"Why, that's no drive, Sam!"



"I'll bet you ten dollars that old chap on that green
can drive farther than that."
"What! That old fossil! I'll go you."



"Keep your eye on the ball, Uncle."



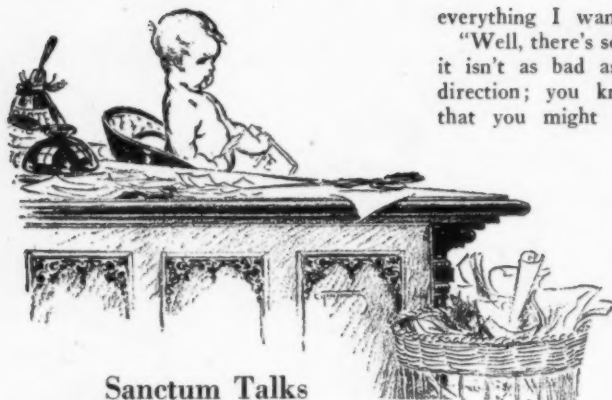
He did.



"It's only a matterr of two hundred an' forty
yards. I used to drrive a long ball, but I'm auld an'
feeble the noo."



Scene on the same tee at six o'clock the following
morning.
"That's grand! Mon! Ye ha' a wonderfu' swing!"



Sanctum Talks

"GOOD morning, LIFE."
"Hello, Brother Hays. Say, what are you trying to do to us, anyway?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, are you trying to make our postal service so good that nobody is going to complain about it?"

"My dear LIFE, any postal service would be good after Burleson. That man—"

"Don't, Mr. Hays, I beg of you! Pretty soon you'll be talking about Baker and Creel. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, I just dropped in to get a few suggestions."

"Well, off hand, I'll give you a couple. Double the salaries of all the postmen, and cut down the expense of mailing periodicals one-half. That will do as a beginning."

"Umph! You must remember, even if I am Postmaster-General, I can't do

everything I want to. Now, can I?"

"Well, there's some truth in that. Still, it isn't as bad as it might be, in that direction; you know, my dear fellow, that you might be President."

"True, true, and maybe I will be some day. I'm a fast worker. But I couldn't conduct a presidential campaign for myself as I could for somebody else."

"Nobody can, Mr. Hays, except possibly Bill Bryan

or Henry Ford, or Mayor Hylan—"

"And even at that—"

"Yes, even at that. But, at any rate, don't let your purely political activities take up too much of your time. We like our letters delivered promptly, even if we are not quite used to it."

"Trust me for that, LIFE. No more time. Good-by."

"Good luck!"

T. L. M.

No More Walks

CAPTAIN KIDD strode from the modern lumber yard with a volley of angry oaths and a tight grip on his cutlass. "Zounds!" he exclaimed to his lieutenant. "It's impossible for a man to be a pirate in these extortionary times. One can't even afford a plank!"

TO matrimonial speedsters, divorce is just a detour.



Serious-minded brother (to understanding sister): Look here, Sis, what am I to do about Eleanor's birthday? You see, I can't afford a really expensive present, and yet it must look as if I'd been foolishly extravagant.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-four years. In that time it has expended \$191,130.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 41,505 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Previously acknowledged	\$19,255.31
R. G. Biglow, Greenwich, Conn.	100.00
Five Barrett Children, Roland Park, Md.	10.00
Baptist Young People's Union, Frostburg, Md.	5.00
Mollie Katz, Pipersknuffel, N. Y.	5.00
Charles B. McDougal, Peoria, Ill.	1.00
R. E. Ward, Cranford, N. J.	2.00
H. M. Lane, Cincinnati	30.00
Dorothy E. Knight, Melrose, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. W. P. Melchee, Montreal, Que.	2.00
Henry W. Whipple, Cranford, N. J.	5.00
Harry J. Edson, Brooklyn, N. Y.	5.00
Mrs. F. Barnard O'Connor, Sheffield, Mass.	10.00
Edward J. Berry, Camden, N. J.	10.00
Emmy Lou Perfall, Rydal, Pa.	.50
Tom Halladay, Cresskill, N. J.	10.00
G. E. J., New York	1.00
Mrs. James Barber, Englewood, N. J.	10.00
Josephine McCrosky, New York	10.00
"In memory of John Ames Mitchell"	25.00
V. D. S., Hilo, Hawaii	10.00
Janet & Finita, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	1.00
Miss Sue Railey, Versailles, Ky.	5.00
Eleanor Kerr, Staten Island, N. Y.	5.00
A friend, McKeever, N. Y.	10.00
The Packer Mfg. Co., New York	20.00
Grace J. Russell, Jamaica, N. Y.	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. Archibald D. Davis, Lakewood, N. J.	10.00
Camp Wyanoke, Wolfeboro, N. H.	17.45
Frederick A. Snow, New York	25.00
C. E. F., Taunton, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. W. H. Morgan, Alliance, O.	25.00
C. G. N. G., Boston	25.00
J. H. Gledhill, South Bend, Ind.	6.00
Ester H. Luce, Vineyard Haven, Mass.	5.00
Roger Deering, Chicago	50.00
In memory of "Father," Allentown, Pa.	10.00
Carol R. Dudley, Camden, Me.	5.00
F. L. Andrews, New Bethlehem, Pa.	10.00
M. G. Lovejoy, Schenectady, N. Y.	50.00
W. B. Mallett, Bangor, Me.	25.00

\$19,836.26

If Boys Were in the Real Estate Business

FARM FOR SALE—Right near genuine haunted house. No school-house, Sunday school or dentist for miles. Just the place to go barefoot. Also easy hunting on neighbor's land. Swimming hole, fishing and worms. No bath-tub. All modern conveniences, including banister without slivers. Veranda of soft wood and good for whittling. Cellar makes first-class cave. Roof quickly climbed. Large barn with several windows still to be aimed at. Just the thing for circus, Indians, fist fights, etc. Also two acres for baseball and bonfires. Also blackberry bushes in every direction. Also apple orchard and spruce tree in front of house dripping with swell gum. Owl hoots every night. Also frogs. All kinds of snakes; hedgehog and skunk near by waiting to be stoned. Offer includes two scarecrows in good condition, one old but nice white horse and Rover. Come for inspection and get first good look at real poison ivy. Address Master Robert Jones, 42 Maple St. or phone Engine 27.

Eyes

EYES,
Dumb and wise,
Black for midnight,
Green for opal's light,
Brown for fallen leaves,
Blue for sky where weaves
Each dainty cloudlet.

Why should eyes,
Both dumb and wise
Cause our sighs?
I know not, but they hypnotize!

Eyes are pools
Wherein we fools
See our fate—
Alas, too late!

J. S. W.

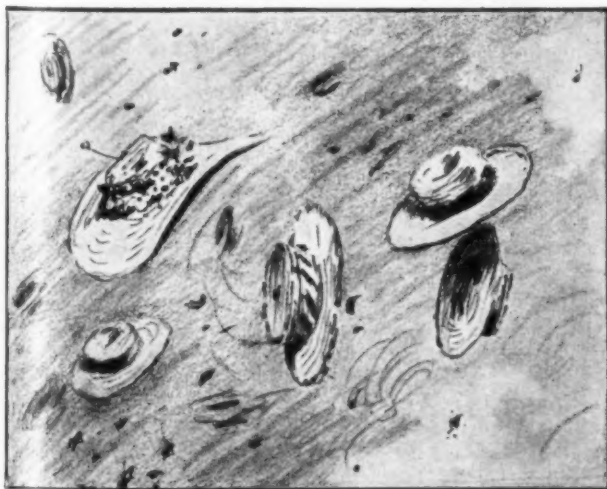
What We Really Need

HERBERT HOOVER is asking from business men generally, through the editors of technical publications, information which will help him chart the "areas of standardization in industry." We have great confidence in Mr. Hoover, and if anybody can produce results he can. Yet where is standardization going to stop? We already have standardized husbands, standardized chorus girls, and standardized short stories. Why not make a complete survey of some of our recent divorce proceedings, with a view to having a standardized divorce? All these efforts at standardization are not unlike the efforts of a man in a flat-bottom rowboat, with a pair of brightly painted oars, trying to stem Niagara Falls, the Falls being the huge volume of wastage and government extravagance and profiteering and commercial slacking now going on.



Fair Customer (to salesman displaying modern bathing suit): And you're sure this bathing suit won't shrink?

Salesman: No, miss; it has nowhere to shrink to.



"Straws show which way the wind blows."

Believe a Little Something, Sometimes

THAT all men are liars, as King David said in his wrath, is a good wholesale maxim, but accepted too confidently it is a serious bar to increase of knowledge. One can't even be sure that what he hears isn't so. A good deal of the time it is so or partly so, and if you are sure it isn't, you miss something. Belief is a mouse nibbling at a mountain of knowledge not yet disclosed. An immense amount is true that men in general do not yet know about. The people with more capacity for belief will know about it before the others.

The Real Boss

A LADY and a gentleman who were walking with their little nephew were much entertained with his original way of expressing himself. Among other great truths he declared: "When Daddy says 'No,' and Mother says 'Yes,' yes is the name of it."

IF we intend to do as we like we ought to cultivate extremely good manners.

The Burglar

By BEATRICE HERFORD

IN TWO SCENES.

Seen first in the bath room.
Seen second in the boudoir.

BURGLAR: How's this for a swell little dug-out, and both doors lock. That must be the bedroom—

ASSISTANT BURGLAR: Gee! I'd like to take a bath in that; some tub, I'll say!

BURGLAR: Ain't that odd, now! it's seemed like Saturday to me all day, too—
(In the room adjoining a lady on a chaise longue drops a book she has been dozing over.)

ASSISTANT BURGLAR: What's that!

BURGLAR: Nothin'! She's dropped her night book; they print 'em special just one chapter to 'em; they falls asleep after that—

ASSISTANT BURGLAR (in a hoarse whisper): My God! I've left my cough drops at home; what the hell am I going to do?

BURGLAR: If you feel it coming on, hold your breath and beat it for the back stairs. You shouldn't have gone to that funeral yesterday; I knew you'd get more cold. The church would have done, no call for you goin' to the grave. You've gotter cut out the society stuff or I'll know the reason—

ASSISTANT BURGLAR (angrily): You will, will you? Well, didn't I get the beaded bag at the grave? (Tries to suppress a fit of coughing.)

BURGLAR: Beat it and don't come back!

(Exit Assistant.)

THE LADY IN THE BOUDOIR (yawning): Oh! Is that you, Jack, dear? You're back early; your cough sounds bad; you should have worn your rubbers as I told you.

BURGLAR (reflecting): Sounds natural; guess they are all alike excepting for the pearls.

THE LADY (calling): Why don't you answer, Jack?

BURGLAR: That's my cue. (Opens door into boudoir and points a revolver at the lady.)

THE LADY on the Chaise Longue, who had already become alarmed, points a shoe horn at the burglar.

BURGLAR: Thank you, lady; you can keep it. I ain't never used one—my shoes goes on easy.

THE LADY (looking at the shoe horn): Oh! I'm so disappointed; I thought it was so much better than a tea-spoon, I've been dying to try it.

BURGLAR: Well, you'll be dying for something else if you don't keep your mouth shut.

THE LADY: Oh, you can't frighten me—I'm a movie star.

BURGLAR (a look of alarm stealing over his face): I'll be damned. Excuse me. I mean how small the world is. I thought I'd seen you before; you played the girl who killed the guy in "The Love Pest" and then leaped from a thirty-story window onto the elevated; me and my gal's crazy about you.



Great Historic Moments
The Invention of the Trap



"He's a gentleman farmer, isn't he?"
 "Great Scott, no! Why, he isn't even a farmer."

THE LADY: Well, if you like me so much, I should think you'd like to please me by going quietly away. I'll give you one of my pictures if you will.

BURGLAR: Oh! That would be too much; just tell me where those pearls are—that's all I ask, lady.

THE LADY: You'd better go before my husband comes. He's a crackshot, believe me.

BURGLAR: No fears of him; he's taking a little rest cure in the library.

THE LADY: Well, the pearls are behind that Bible on that shelf by the fireplace.

BURGLAR: Now you're talking sense. (He has laid the revolver down while looking through boxes on a dressing table, and as he turns toward the bookcase, the Lady points the shoe horn at him and fires. He reels and falls down with his head against the fireplace.)

THE LADY: You see this shoe horn has all the modern improvements.

BURGLAR (moaning): I'm done for! I'm done for! But say, you're an artist, all right!

THE LADY: Oh, I try to do my best; but you're not done for, only you won't go to the movies for quite a while. (She goes to the telephone and calls for a policeman.) Great heavens! (looking at her wrist watch) I forgot I've got to do

a picture before the dawn comes; I've only just time to make Fort Lee. (Throws on a fur coat and hat, puts shoe horn in one pocket and the burglar's revolver in the other.) You must excuse my rushing off like this. My husband will arrange everything. I'll see him as I go out.



Saturday P. M.

Buck Jones: Hey, Mom, I've took my bath—you kin come up and lookit the water.

BURGLAR: One last request, lady.

THE LADY: Oh, yes, my picture; I'll autograph it for you. (Takes up a picture from writing desk.) How do you like this sitting position on an avalanche? or I think this is more natural, standing in front of a locomotive. (Takes pen and makes a flourishing autograph across the picture and hands it to the burglar.) Take care, it's not dry yet! Good-by; so sweet of you to have recognized me.

(Exit.)

BURGLAR (gazing at the photograph): My, ain't it swell—that's worth going up the river for.

True Hospitality

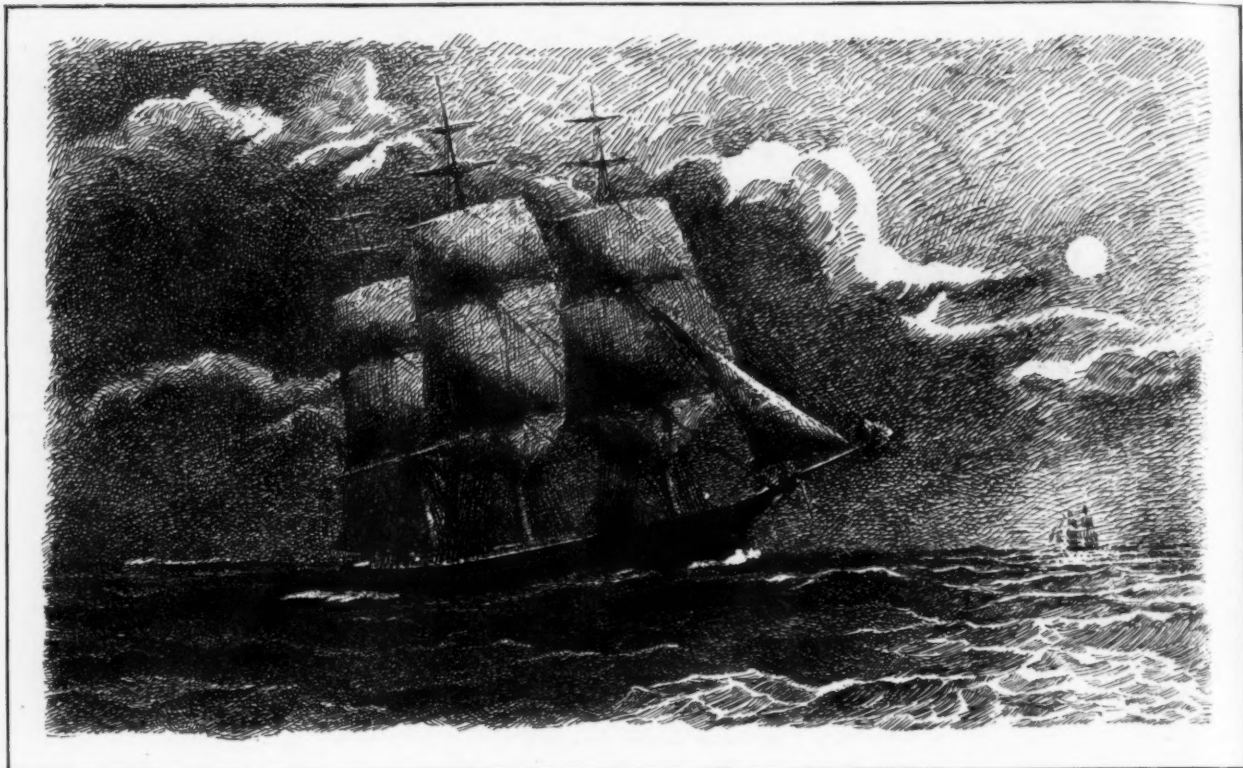
"MY wife thinks we run a hospitable house. What's your notion of a hospitable house?"

"Oh, for me, I feel that it's a hospitable house when in the come and go of company enough umbrellas are left to keep it supplied."

Adjustment

COUNTRY EDITOR (to new assistant): I shall expect you to write all the editorials, do the religious and sporting departments and turn out a joke column.

ASSISTANT: What are you going to do?
 "Edit your copy."



Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

The Golden Gate

SUPERB in its simplicity it stands,
Hewn by the wonder-touch of master-hands;
The gold of noon and rose of westering sun
Regild it till each weary day is done.

And then the tide plays truant as the moon
Spreads out her silvery skirts across the bay,
And ghosts of ships from off a dream lagoon
Drift in and out and bear the soul of Day.

Mary Terrill.

Our Criminal Department

(For a small fee, payable in advance, we guarantee to make a first-class criminal out of almost anybody. It is becoming recognized that only by being a criminal can you escape.)

Testimonials

"BEFORE trying your six weeks' course in criminality, I was only able to commit a robbery a day. I was also quite timid, being afraid to attack, except in the dark. Now I can murder anyone in broad daylight, in full sight of the police."

"Last week I was married seven times, thanks to your course in Bigamy. All the girls send love."

"As cashier in a large bank, I had to struggle along on four thousand a year. Since taking your course in sandbagging, I am averaging a hundred thousand a year, and come in contact with only the best people."

"Your little tract, 'How to Acquire a Profound Contempt for the Law,' ought to be in the hands of every American. Before reading it, I actually thought well of Prohibition. Now I can steal anything, evade anything and kill anybody."

"I have just returned from my seventh murder, thanks to you. Your course is wonderful."

In case you wish to become a gunman, a highbinder, a second-story man, a bigamist, an embezzler or a get-rich-quick-er, consult us before others. Unfortunately, an absurd respect

for the law still lingers in the minds of some few Americans who know no better, and—until they are finally eliminated—some care is necessary in becoming a first-class criminal.

By our methods, however, you are quite safe. We examine you first to see what you can do. You would be surprised to know how soon you can obtain results. The fact that there are more crimes being committed every day in America than in any other country in the world should only encourage you to take our course, and **GET INTO THE GAME RIGHT**, while the going is good. At any moment now America may be conquered by some other barbarous country, and compelled to reduce its crime wave. In this case it would be a matter of lasting regret that **YOU DID NOT CONSULT US FIRST**.

Try our **SIX WEEKS' COURSE IN SANDBAGGING** as a starter.

Hitherto Unrecorded Controversy

LORD BACON: A good husband, methinks, is like unto a tail-light.

SHAKESPEARE: Methinks he differs.

LORD BACON: He is like, because he may cause trouble if allowed to go out at nights.

SHAKESPEARE: Yea, old thing! But a tail-light is most useful when lit up!



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The Beginning of the Old, Old Story

Life



Lines

A RECENT dispatch from Dublin states that De Valera will stand by Wilson's fourteen points as a basis for peace.

Well—that's more than Wilson did.

Nowadays the question with many married people is what to do when divorce flies out of the window.

Secretary Hughes doesn't like the way the Dutch put the "jam" in Djambi. — *Columbia State.*

That's too Djamb bad!

The proper study of mankind is man, but the most popular is woman.

Cuts Wife's Silk Hose For His Use as Socks. — *Headline.*

We leave it to any fair-minded feminine jury if that isn't the most unkindest cut of all.

Oil is Mexico's yellow peril.

If these political scandals continue, there will be an actual need for an electric white-washing machine.

France would like to know whether the goose step is ducking.

Some men are born rich, some achieve cellars, while others have boot-legacies thrust upon them.

Pensions are now being paid to 2,477,800 disabled British officers and men, says *London Answers.*

United States government please copy.

New York hotel men say their house detectives have had less to do since prohibition came. Less or fewer?

The price of fruit to-day is cheap, compared to what an apple cost in the Garden of Eden.

John D. expects to play golf at age of 100.—*News Item.*

Wants to be a par golfer, in other words.

After all—it isn't the heat, it's the Whewmidity.

The scene was Rome, the year A. D. 98. He came out timidly and looked around. There was no denying that he was very fat and also very scared. He was evidently stage-struck and he waddled about in dismay. Nevertheless, he made quite a good impression. There was a roar of approval from the lions.

Contentment is often the result of being too lazy to kick.

Uncle Sam's name is writ in water, while John Bull is beginning to write his in oil.

Wanted: a live successor to Yap for plodding paragraphers.

That beauty which was once spoken of as being only skin deep will never see daylight again.

Mr. Hearst prays every night for a Japanese D'Annunzio to seize California.

When a woman finally resorts to cosmetics she makes up for lost time.

To be a successful liar one must have either a bad character or a good memory.

A little learning is the usual thing.

All work and no play makes Jack a killjoy.

Some bank officials have such a sense of duty that if their banks are not robbed by gunmen they feel obliged to do it themselves.

Northcliffe says he gets up at six every morning. Evidently a case where the early Northcliffe catches the Lloyd George.



THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

Whenever one goes to a show
They play up the "Triangle" so!
It seems hardly fair
To the circle and square,
And the poor dear old rhomboid, you know!

A whale is able to remain under water for an hour and a half before coming up for air.

A hardened subway traveler can stay under indefinitely.

One thing can be said for New York hotel proprietors—they charge nothing extra for a room with a Bible.



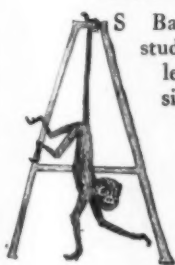
Punishment

Dorothy: Aunt Clara, Tommie says he heard the horse talking about you when you came down this morning.

Aunt Clara: And what did the horse say, dear?

"He said, 'Aunt Clara, I'm sorry to do this: it's going to hurt me more than it will you.'"

Babson Gets His



S Babson approached the studio of the girl he had learned to love so passionately, the evidences of the supreme struggle he had been going through were revealed in the lines of his pale face. But the steady gleam of resolution in his eyes showed that he had thoroughly conquered himself. Miss Frude received him with her usual poise.

"My darling," he whispered, as he gently edged closer to her, "what I am now going to say to you will change our whole future."

She began to observe him more carefully.

"Go on," she replied at last. "Go the limit. It is the only way," she murmured.

"First, do you still love me?"

"I have expressed myself as reciprocating, almost to exactitude, the manifestations of the urge you have displayed towards me."

"Well then, sweetheart, I have been over this whole matter in my mind, and have come to a great decision."

"Don't hold yourself back."

"I believe that all this psychological stuff we have been reading about in the papers is rot, that innocent people like ourselves, who have no time to think, have been seized by a band of so-called intellectual harpies, that all these attempts to dissect the emotions of men and women are fakes. In short, darling, I have got plumb back to normalcy. I'm for sitting on the sofa and loving you in the good old-fashioned way. And I

must save you from these things. Let me hold your hand and kiss you as lovers used to do. I can feel myself beginning to stammer and blush—oh, how grand!"

He made an attempt to grab her, but she was too quick for him. Following her touch of a bell, two assistant psychoanalysts suddenly sprang into the room.

"Take him away to the laboratory," she said. "Poor wretch! The heat complex has temporarily unsexed him!"

Forgiven

MISTRESS (*tearfully*): I'm so sorry you're leaving us, Bridget.

BRIDGET (*unbending*): Well, mum, if ye're really sorry, I'll give yez one more trial.

Ice Cream Soda

PROHIBITION has compelled us all to grasp at straws.

The Rocking-Chair Talkers

By DOROTHY PARKER

"—humidity is something awful. My, I bet this is a scorcher in the city. I often say, I feel so sorry for all those poor—"

"—don't care about doing any heavy reading during the summer. Zane Grey may be all right in the winter, but, take me, I like something lighter in the hot weather. I think this Ethel Dell writes awfully good books. They're wholesome, that's what I like about—"

"—then you grate some cheese over it, and put it in the oven till the eggs are set. You just try it, some time when you have some left-over spinach. My husband and the boys just can't seem to get enough of—"

"—oh, do you think so? Now I think he has an awfully nice face. A good face, I call it. But I don't envy him one bit—no, ma'am. It's no easy job to be President of the United States, I tell you. Sometimes, I declare I really feel sorry for—"

"—knit two, purl two, for the first three inches, and then it's just plain knitting all the way up to the shoulders. And when you're coming down the front, you want to be sure to—"

"—seem to think they'll be just like automobiles in a few years, but you needn't tell me. What I have always said is, they'll have to do an awful lot of experimenting before they get those aeroplanes so that they work right. I don't think any married man has any more right to go up in one of those things than he has to I don't know what—"

"—all out of place, the way some people dress up here. Why, I don't even bother to bring up half of my evening gowns. And as for my jewelry, I just say to my husband, 'Will, for goodness' sake put these things in the safe deposit, so I won't have to be bothered with them all the—'"

"—believe in live and let live and all that, and I suppose if she wants to do it,

it's her own affair. But it seems to me that a married woman with two children has very little to do to wear skirts that only come to her—"

"—think the food has run down terribly. Now, where my sister is, down at the shore, they have green peas and new corn, and I don't know what all, every day. And ice-cream three times a week, and always your choice of steak or chops or chipped beef for breakfast. I was telling my husband, only last night —'Henry,' I said, 'I don't think there's any use in our coming back here another year, unless—'"

On the Job as Usual

SILAS: I see the fire house was burned down over to Pleasant Corners.

CLINT: Yes, but the boys got back from lodge in time to save the automatic engine—and them new fire extinguishers.



"Look out for this dealer, Jack. You can't trust a man that looks as honest as he does."

The Morale Committee

Even Though Secretary Denby Does Not Approve of the Morale Committee for the Navy, We Feel That Ashore the Committee System Is Exactly What This Country Needs.



The Winpotters, from a serious blunder, had proposed to summer as usual at their Bar Harbor estate, which would have been thoroughly distasteful to their servants. The committee, however, promptly vetoed the plan, and submitted through its chairman a list of places (Pasadena, first choice; Banff, second) that would prove acceptable. Thus everyone, except the Winpotters, was satisfied

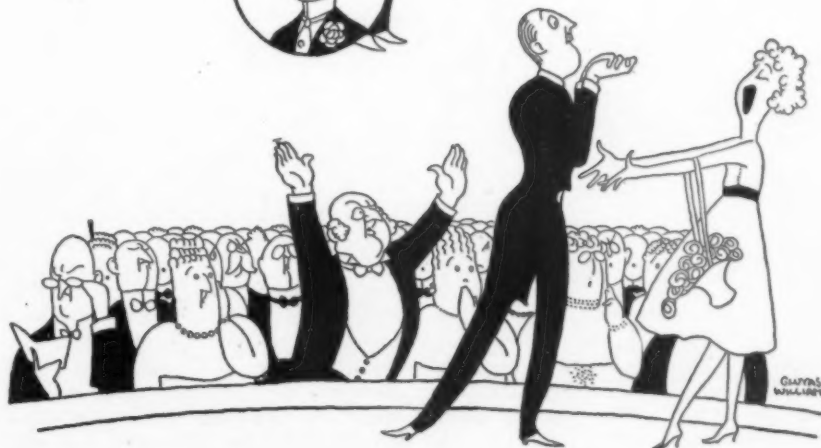


The committee system will prove of tremendous benefit in bringing the problems and aspirations of bandits, burglars and bootleggers before the public. Willie the Weasel is showing the committee of the Affiliated Pickpockets that the practice of wearing safety catches on scarf-pins is an unfair restraint of trade



After all, the great question to be settled by the morale committees of department stores is, Floorwalkers. Is there any wonder, for instance, that the committee of the Notions and Small Ware counters should have gone into executive session when they saw what the management had given them in the place of Mr. Twirple (see inset), when that gentleman was demoted to the bargain basement?

Hitherto a theatre audience has had to sit helpless before whatever entertainment the management chose to provide, but here we picture Mr. Wimbledon Briggs reporting that it is the sense of the committee that if Miss Tottie Babette doesn't stop singing off the key, the house will empty itself in the customary three minutes



CHAPMAN
WILLIAMS



AUGUST 25, 1921

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE great improvements of the world do not come out of prosperity and comfort,

but out of distress. The early stage may be prosperity as when Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked. Nations get rich and powerful and want the Earth, need it in their business, and believe they are entitled to it, and that makes war, and war makes poverty, and out of poverty comes popular discontent and upheaval, and out of that come changes and sometimes considerable political improvement.

Things are going better in the world, in some points particularly. Irish matters are promising. The international conference that is to come in Washington in November is very promising indeed, but still people who perceive that most of the improvements in human life come out of extreme trouble must not be discouraged and think the world is going to be cured before it is really convalescent. There is still abundant trouble in it. The greatest wail of distress comes out of Russia where the stories of starvation make dreadful reading. But in the other countries also there is abundantly the devil to pay. That is really the most hopeful sign. The thing that will make France reasonable about Silesia is the prospect of bankruptcy or worse if she is not reasonable. The thing that will make Great Britain reasonable about everything is the same prospect. She will yield what she must in conferences and disputes because destruction must somehow be avoided. The same thing applies to Japan and to everybody else. The Nations are something like wild animals caught by a flood on a mound; they cannot afford to eat one another while the water is so high. They must be polite and considerate,



OUR affairs are not so terribly threatening. Of course we are better off than anybody else, but life seems mighty disorderly even here. The papers are full of extraordinary crimes of violence; robberies daring and continuous; divorces and marital shootings a great many; abominable stories of police brutalities; fanatical reformers very active and objectionable; automobiles stolen while you wait—35 in one day, August 9th, in New York; fools in a naval seaplane, joy riding in Narragansett Bay and spraying innocent pleasure-takers with a machine-gun; suicides a great many. Somehow all the disorderly character seems to be more on the loose than usual and the influences that make the average people disorderly, much more potent than usual. The pressure on us for improvement is sufficient for moral purposes, though it is not so great as the pressure in most other countries.



ONE curious thing about these times is the difficulty of determining whether wise measures on our part or foolish ones are going to do the most good. There is the Fordney tariff, which from the viewpoint of our own prosperity seems mostly foolish, but one hears that the English think well of it. It will bother them somewhat, but as a hindrance to the development of foreign trade by this country, it will help them out and save their main job. They must live on foreign trade. We can subsist with only a moderate amount. We might better let our whole fleet of Shipping Board ships rot where they are now rusting than develop a foreign trade that would starve out Great Britain. It is more important

to us as citizens of the world that Great Britain should survive, than that the ships we have manufactured should come to profitable use.

To be sure, there may be jobs presently for all the ships afloat, and to be sure these are extraordinary suggestions and not everyone will agree. What makes them receivable is that in these remarkable times, Nations have come to the condition which men sometimes come to, when every man must be his brother's keeper. The animals, as above remarked, cannot eat one another while the water is so high, and it promises to be some time before it recedes.



MR. WILLIAM F. McCOMBS, Princeton graduate, who had to do with the first nomination of Mr. Wilson to the Presidency, has died and left an autobiography which has been edited by another Princeton man, Mr. Louis J. Lang, and is now in course of publication by Mr. Hearst in his Sunday papers. Mr. Lang says: "This book depicts a double tragedy. The chief actors were Princeton University men. One was an instructor; the other was his pupil. Enthralled by the artful intellectuality of the instructor, the pupil conceived and executed the idea of making him President of the United States."

The instructor was Mr. Wilson; the pupil was Mr. McCombs. Mr. Lang seems willing to shift from George Harvey, the responsibility for making Wilson president, and put it all on McCombs. Colonel Harvey, being a humorist, may bear that with philosophy, but it is more relief than he is properly entitled to. The idea of making Mr. Wilson President had already been conceived and

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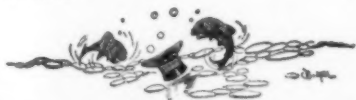


8


 E. S. Martin
 Hoovers

The Last Straw

confided to the public by Harvey long before McCombs disclosed any knowledge of it, and the work done by Harvey to further it was what made it possible of realization. That work was done mainly in *Harper's Weekly* when George Harvey was its editor. Perhaps Colonel Harvey will not now reach out to claim the credit of it, but the record is easily accessible.



FIRST and last, Mr. Wilson had a great deal of help in becoming President and discharging the duties of that office. Colonel Harvey did all he could for him and when he had done it, rested. Mr. McCombs did a good deal for him and when his bolt was shot, he too rested. Colonel House did a great deal for him and after seven years of close association with him, he also became detached.

Colonel Harvey was displeased: Mr.

McCombs was displeased. Colonel House has never complained and has never spoken ill of his long-time friend. He gave a great deal; he got a great deal. The papers said the other day that he and Mr. Wilson were again in communication. Very likely.

Speaking of Mr. McCombs, Mr. Lang says: "The President-maker went to an early grave. The President was repudiated by the American people. Retribution came but a few months before the President-maker gave up his life," and then he quotes Scripture, "Whoso diggeth a pit, shall fall therein. And he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him."

If he is going to quote the Bible, there is another text that all the men who made Mr. Wilson President might as well bear in mind. It runs, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

It seems odd that neither McCombs nor Colonel Harvey seemed able to

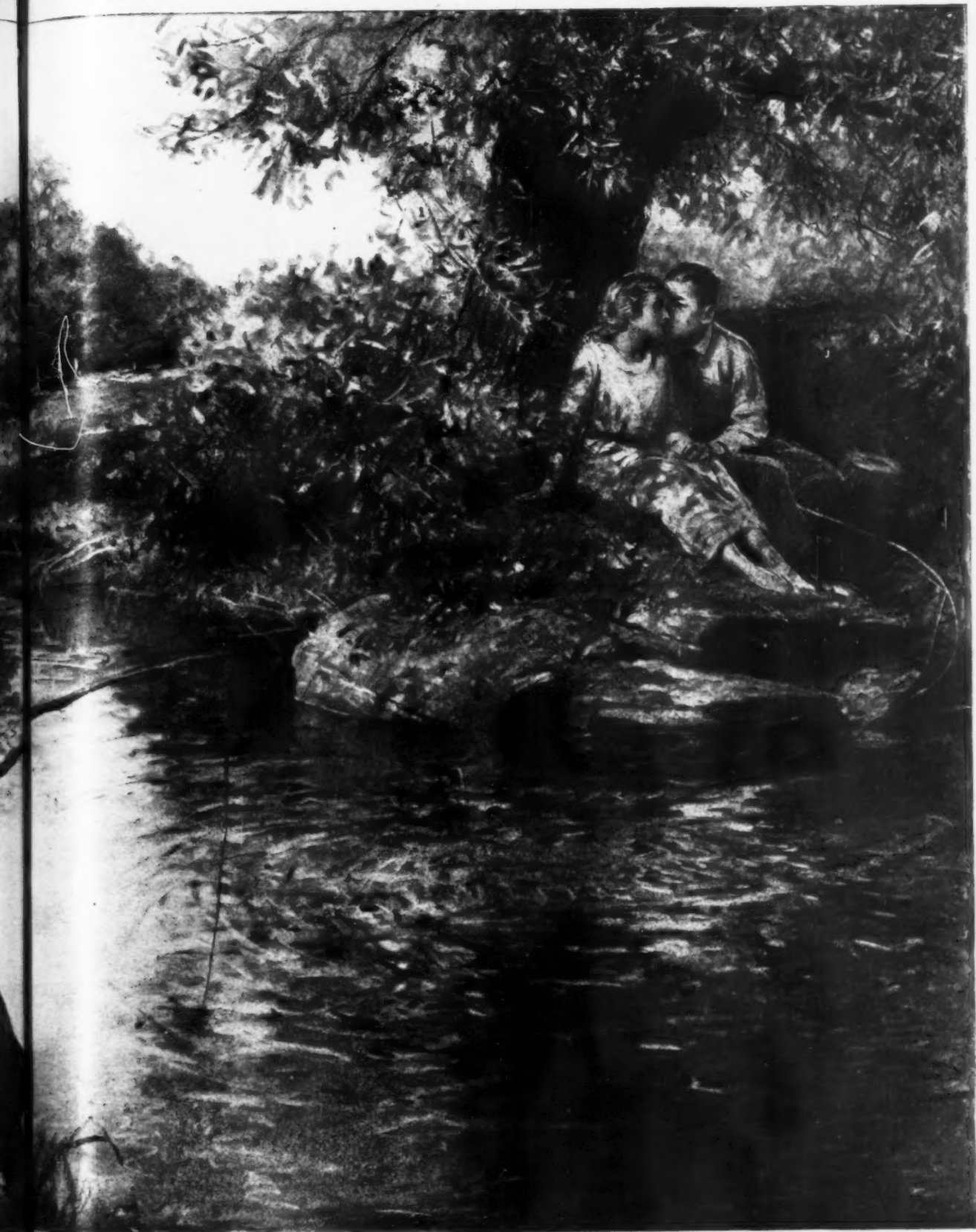
see in Mr. Wilson anything else than a man who wanted to get everything possible for himself without regard to the cost to others. Neither of them could feel, apparently, that Wilson was possessed by a political mission and devoted by an inward compulsion to its fulfilment no matter who got hurt. The Jews were the Chosen People, not because of their charm or their respect for the principle of "After you," but because they could hold to a set of ideas and see a job through. So Mr. Wilson. His renown will never rest on his deference to the opinions of his political helpers and associates, but he may interest posterity a good deal as a man who could hold to a set of ideas and see a job through. Those are not qualities to make people popular. The Jews, sad to say, are not popular even yet. But they are qualities that do make people hard to erase, and in spite of McCombs a good deal of Mr. Wilson promises to be indelible.

E. S. Martin.



Drawn by Victor C. Anderson

"Havin' A... Mist



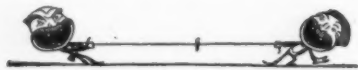
Am, Mister?"



Yes and No

ON paper, "Tangerine" sounds great. A real book with a plot involving a dash of what will pass for satire, some good songs, Julia Sanderson and John Hazzard, scenery by Lee Simonson, and excellent notices. You couldn't ask for much more than that.

And it really is better than the average, there can be no question about it. Such praise, however, is merely like saying that a thing is better than inflammatory rheumatism. It leaves a tremendous leeway for it to go bad in. And "Tangerine" certainly goes bad at times.



IN the first place, the comedy lines are, for the most part, perfectly terrible, and they sound all the worse because they are hitched up to a real idea. John Hazzard is funny, but a man can't be very funny when he is forced to totter about the stage under a load of the oldest jokes known to white men on this continent. Julia Sanderson is, it goes without saying, pretty and graceful, and I pray that when I am old and hungry no one will ever hold it up against me that I once complained of a radiant smile, but it really would be

great if Miss Sanderson could manage to make her smile just a trifle less radiant, her arm movements just a shade less graceful, and, above all, her enunciation a bit more careless. A good polysyllabic oath, mumbled in a slovenly manner, would do wonders for Miss Sanderson's standing with this department. Especially undesirable is correct enunciation when one has lyrics like the following to enunciate:

"If you could make me listen,
I know you'd stop your wishin'."



ALL of these rather testy remarks are simply to signify a moderate dissent from the many hardened observers who left the ground entirely while commenting on the production. We really liked it, especially Allen Kearns, a young man unique among stage juveniles in that his clothes look as if he bought them at Brooks Brothers' instead of at a costumer's. The plot of the play (about an island in the South Seas where the women do all the work) has about it the atmosphere of a Princeton University Triangle Club show, an effect heightened by Mr. Kearns' looking as if he would have to leave the cast in September to go back to Princeton (or maybe he could do his Princeton work and act at the same time). He is not a very good actor, or a very good singer, (although he does dance well) but he looks human, which is enough to make him a paragon among musical comedy juveniles. And Wayne Nunn has a face which promises much for a time when it is given anything funny to say.

Incidentally, any time that all the acrobatic dancers in the city (with the possible exception of Mitti in the Follies) want to get sore and go back to where they came from, not a finger will be raised in this department to bar their way.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bat. *Morosco.*—Almost a year of solid crime splendidly done.

The Green Goddess. *Booth.*—George Arliss lending a distinctive villainy to old-fashioned melodrama.

Liliom. *Fulton.*—Remarkable combination of realism and whimsy in a story of a rough-neck's adventures on earth and in Heaven.

The Masque of Hamlet. *Princess.*—To be reviewed later.

The Night Cap. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Sonya. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Comedy and Things Like That

Dulcy. *Frazee.*—To be reviewed next week.

The First Year. *Little.*—A photograph of the home-life of millions Americans, causing immoderate laughter on their part.

Getting Gertie's Garter. *Republic.*—If you like the name, you will like the play.

Honors Are Even. *Times Square.*—To be reviewed next week.

Just Married. *Shubert.*—A crass little thing about honeymooning on an ocean-liner, but undeniably funny in spots, thanks to Lynne Overman.

Lightnin'. *Gaiety.*—After a record-breaking run of three years, Frank Bacon is taking his remarkable character to Chicago. It is doubtful if his place will ever be taken on Broadway.

March Hares. *Bijou.*—To be reviewed next week.

Mr. Pim Passes By. *Garrick.*—English comedy of the gentler type deliciously played.

Nice People. *Klaw.*—Entertaining glimpse of our young folks speeding along good macadam to perdition. Dull in its more respectable parts.

Nobody's Money. *Longacre.*—To be reviewed later.

The Scarlet Man. *Henry Miller.*—To be reviewed later.

Sonny. *Cort.*—To be reviewed later.

The Teaser. *Playhouse.*—Amusing little thing about flapper flirtations.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Broadway Whirl. *Selwyn.*—Richard Carle and Blanche Ring adding zest to a revue which needs it.

The Last Waltz. *Century.*—A regular man-sized comic opera containing excellent singing by Eleanor Painter and excellent fooling by James Barton.

Sally. *New Amsterdam.*—Marilynn Miller and Leon Errol in just about as good as there is.

Scandals of 1921. *Liberty.*—Ann Pennington, for her many admirers, and pleasant music. Comedy of a more doubtful order.

Shuffle Along. *Sixty-Third St.*—Negro players in a rhythmic evening of jazz and harmony.

Tangerine. *Casino.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Two Little Girls in Blue. *George M. Cohan's.*—A tuneful score to which almost everybody has danced by now, in addition to the Fairbanks Twins who do it in the show.

The Whirl of New York. *Winter Garden.*—A better Winter Garden show than usual, made out of the remnants of the old "Belle of New York."

Ziegfeld Follies. *Globe.*—An evening of fairly consistent entertainment and great beauty. Fannie Brice, W. C. Fields and Raymond Hitchcock furnish the laughs.



The Artist (to farmer who has been fidgeting around all morning): Am I in your way here?
Farmer: Wa-al, naow—ther' ain't no partikler hurry—when ye git through—mos' any time'll be all right. Ye see, I've got a charge o' dynamite in: o thet ther' ol' stump. I'm a kinda waitin' raoun' ter tetch off—when ye git through.

Submarine Badinage

By BERTON BRALEY

HERE was a little oyster and he met a haughty scallop,

But the scallop said, "You bivalve, you uninteresting polyp,

"Get away from me, you mollusk, and you do it in a hustle

Or you'll get a painful wallop from the muscle of a mussel."

"Oh, you ugly, selfish shellfish," said the oyster, "you're a sham;

Cease your highly foolish clamor, take a lesson from the clam,

"Lest your crust crustacean rile me and your aggravating voice stir

The accumulated venom of an irritated oyster!"

Said the haughty scallop coldly, "Hush your everlasting blab.

I can tell, by all your crabbing, you are just an oyster-crab.

"And since oyster-crabs eat oysters, though it's awful food to pick,

You can eat yourself completely—and I hope it makes you sick."

Then the oyster answered sharply, "At the risk of being rude I will simply state succinctly, *all* of me is fit for food,

"While your edible components, as was known from times of yore,

Are your muscle, Mr. Mussel, merely that and nothing more!"

This subdued the haughty scallop, quite submerged him with its pith,

And he beat it with whatever scallops have to beat it with.

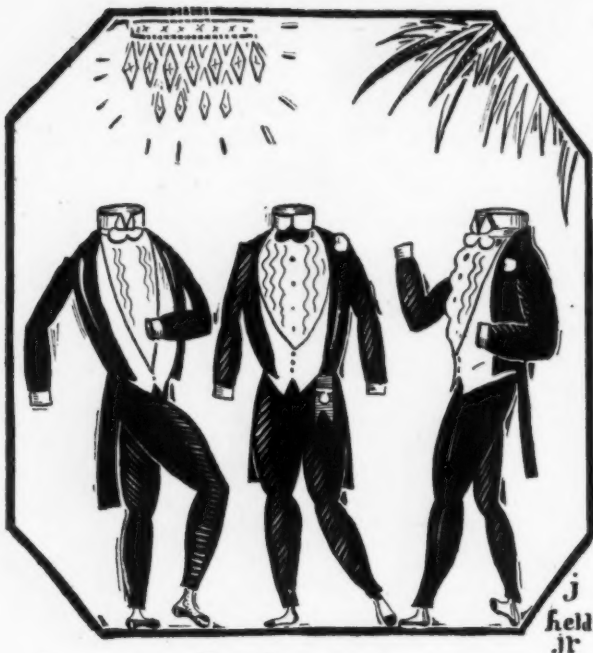
So at length they made a finish of their aquamonious spell, And the oyster and the scallop each withdrew into his shell;

But the reason, I confess it, why I cut my story short Is because I can't supply them with another good retort!

the Cinema Primer

Verses by Robert E. Sherwood

Drawings by John Held, Jr.



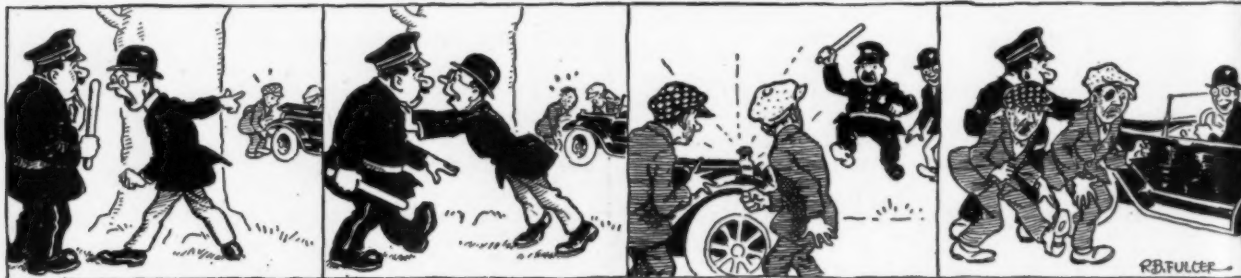
The Atmosphere

The At-mos-phere, dear Rea-der, means
The back-ground in the Ball-room Scenes,
The Ring-ers in, that is to say,
Who do their Act-ing by the Day;
They dance the Two-step (slight-ly swayed)
The while a Waltz is be-ing played;
They're al-so fault-less-ly At-tired
In Full Dress Suits that they have Hired,
And Watch Fobs (that they ne-ver use)
And plea-ted Shirts and cloth topped Shoes;—
The Mo-vies some-times make me Sick,
Be-cause the At-mos-phere is thick.



The Society Matron

She used to fro-lic, Years a-go,
As Po-ny in a Bur-lesque Show,
Un-til she grew so ve-ry Stout
That she could scarce-ly get A-bout.
So now she works on Mo-vie Jobs
Por-tray-ing high-toned New-port Snobs.
Wear-ing a cost-ly Cor-o-net,
Swing-ing, with Ease, a mean Lor-gnette,
And gos-sip-ing, the fat old Vul-ture,
The while she Re-gis-ters her Cul-ture;
In fact, one well might Say of her—
She has the So-cial Re-gis-ter.



"Oh, officer! Look over there! Auto thieves are trying to steal my car.

"Wait till they get the motor going.

"Then nab them.

"Thanks, boys! I couldn't start the darn thing myself!"



Drawn by F. Foster Lincoln

Tragic Moments

When you realize that she is the author of the book you've just been roasting.

Marriage

(A short, vigorous story which is the basis for a longer work, a novel, to be developed later and to consist of nine hundred pages, possibly in two volumes.)

RITA and John met when they were about twenty. They attended a performance of "Ruddigore," and Rita liked John because he was shocked at several of the speeches.

Later on they went to the movies. Oftentimes they went all alone. Even when their friends went, Rita and John always sat together.

One night they stayed home. John proposed to Rita. They told their friends about it. All their friends expressed opinions. Most of the opinions were favorable, so they let the engagement stand. Two months later they were married.

As time went on they had a little boy baby. They were very fond of it. One day it had the croup and Rita called the doctor. It was not for several days that their worry ceased.

They had two other children. One was a girl, but John was very nice about it. The children grew up and the oldest boy went to High School. He was not very bright, but he passed all his studies. John did not make enough to educate all his children. The younger son left grammar school at fourteen and became a book-reviewer.

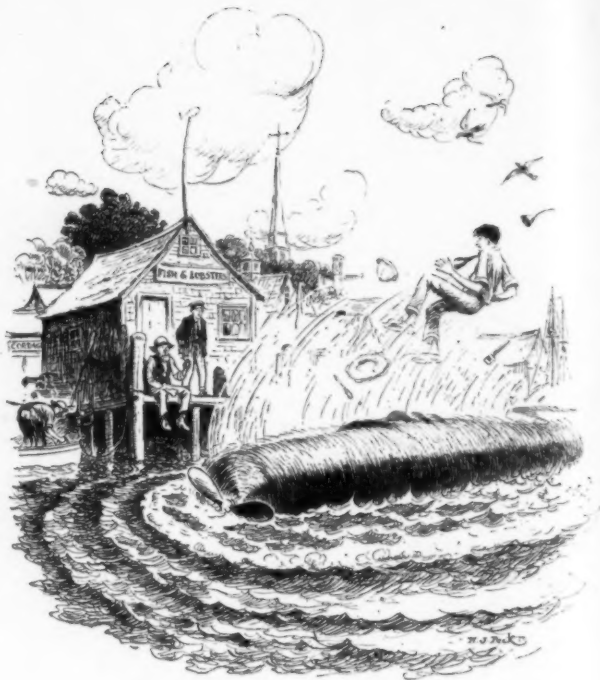
Rita and John grew older. Rita had a woman come in and help with the cleaning on Saturdays. She would have codfish cakes on Saturdays, because John didn't come home till after lunch.

Finally one morning Rita served John with his usual breakfast of a boiled egg. The egg was boiled too hard and John had to put butter in it. But he forgave Rita. Then he left for business. As he left he kissed her good-by.

Rita stood gazing out at a tree. How much her life was like a tree. She grew and so did a tree.

THE END

Corey Ford.



Better Than Coney Island

Native: What's the matter with Mr. Jones? He looks like he wuz havin' an accident.

Yachtsman: It's that new speedboat he designed. The propeller is so big that it's stood still and the boat's revolving instead.

Out of Her Head

I HEAR Mrs. Jones has been out of her head. That's a sad thing, ain't it! Sad thing? Mercy! A grand thing for her! She ought to have got out of that head she had long ago.

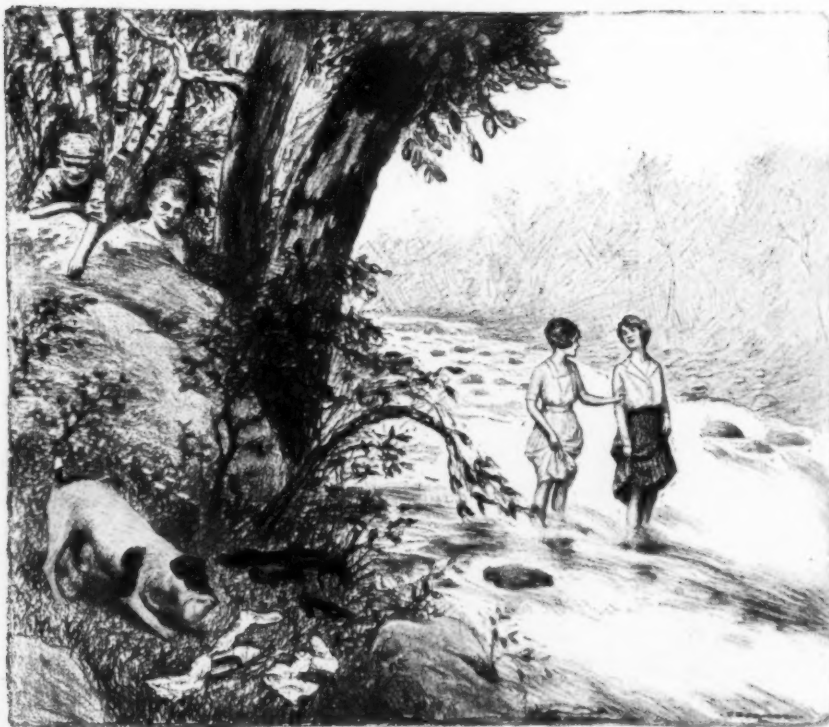
Why, man, she's been crazy. Do you think that's good? Not pleasant, of course, but there are lots of people—and she's one—for whom getting out of their present heads is a first step towards intelligence.

Well, anyhow, it's trying. This about Mr. Jones is rough on Jones and the children.

Sure. And so the war, which got the world out of its head, was rough on mankind. A grand thing to get the world out of that head it had, but expensive and troublesome. Processes usually are trying. You can't get anything for nothing. You can't open a door of hope without some folks taking cold. But that old head the world is now out of is good riddance.

WHAT'S Blinks going to do with his new noiseless typewriter?"

"If he takes my advice, he'll marry her."



"Fetch 'em, Towser!"

Bedtime Stuff for Grown-ups

ANIMAL stories are the stuff for the kiddies. No outline of the world's events is complete without the latest news from meadows and woods where the animals and birdies are thickest. What Uncle Rabbitty and Peter Potato Bug have been doing to-day is always front-page information.

For grown-up readers who want to be abreast of events and have no leisure to squander at zoos, we have prepared a daily nature story. The first and last instalment appears to-day, but don't let that bother you. Simply substitute field mice for the characters in this yarn, and it will read like brand-new stuff to-morrow. Make it brown-tail moths the day after that, and then keep the series going yourself. Now for the grown-up nature story:

"I saw a very funny animal to-day," said Uncle Horace as the Wimpus family started to mop up.

"Oh, tell us about the funny animal," said Winnie and Willie and Wallie Wimpus as they cuddled up to the Standard Oil heater.

"Very well," replied Uncle Horace, "but you must promise to go to bed and sleep after I've told you the story."

"You're on," said Winnie and Willie Wimpus.

"Well," said Uncle Horace, "as I was going through my julep grove this morning, I happened upon a queer little thing with a fuzzy pink tail and a henna-colored neck, busily knitting a red flannel shirt for his good friend, the Horse Fly. 'Good morning, Little Pee-Wee,' I said to him, and so startled was he by my approach that he dropped six stitches in the Horse Fly's chemise.

"My name isn't Pee-Wee," said my little friend. 'I am a Kafloozus bird, and all my chums call me Pinkie-Pink.'

"What a handsome monicker," I replied.

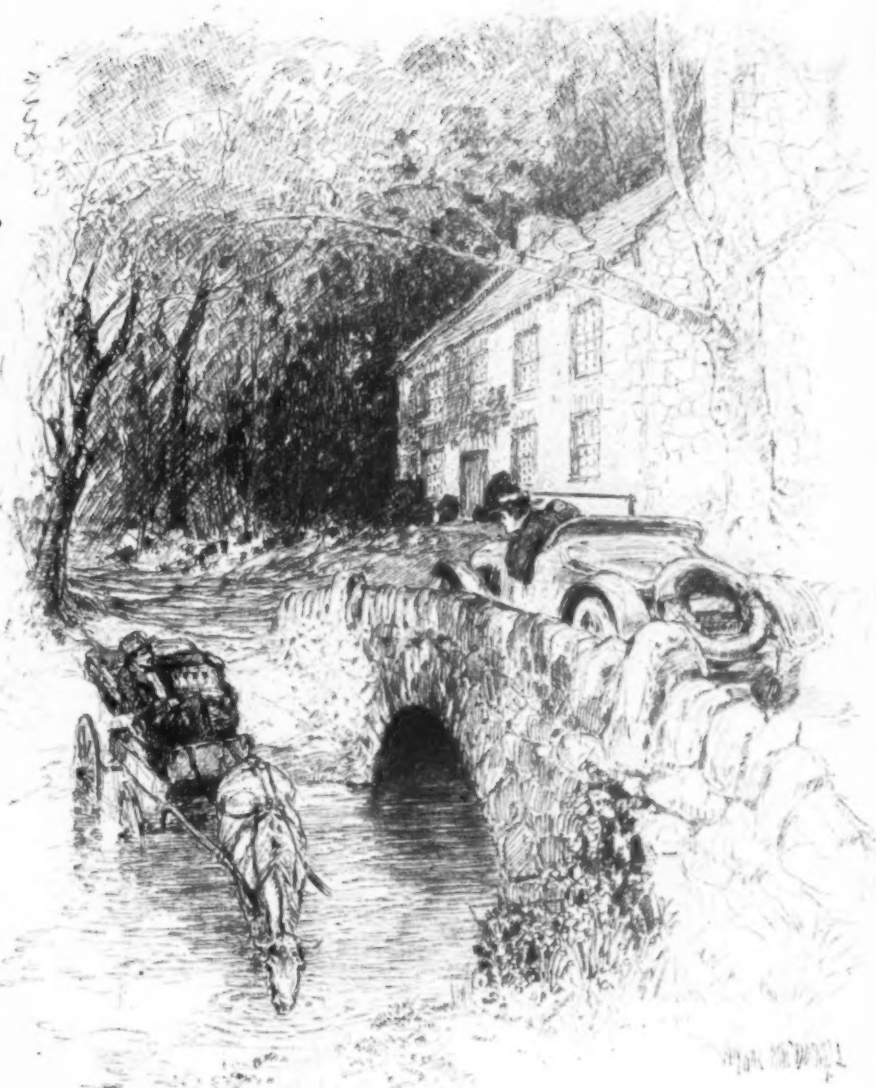
"Oh, thank you, kind sir," said Pinkie-Pink. 'Have you seen my playmate anywhere? They call him Uppsie-Buppsie.'

"You don't mean a cute little hop-toad," I asked, 'with a purple stripe up and down his back and three stars on his cunning neck?'

"Yea, bo; you said it," cried Pinkie-Pink with joy. 'That is my good friend, Uppsie-Buppsie.'

"Then I saw him just a few minutes ago," I replied, 'trying to bite his initials in a grapefruit.'

"Whereupon the Kafloozus bird stood on his head from sheer joy. 'Just to show you how grateful I am,' said he, 'I



The Legal Mind

Business Man: Hey! Why don't you use this nice new bridge?

Lawyer: I've crossed this ford for thirty years and it gives my horse a drink, washes him off and keeps my rig from falling apart.

am going to do you a special favor. So just watch closely and see that I have no aces or kings up my sleeve or any other foreign substances on my person.'

"With that, Pinkie-Pink began to change from pink and henna to green and gold. Presently, after that color effect, it switched into a beautiful mauve and magenta. 'And now for the last trick,' said the Kafloozus. Whereupon his neck stretched out a yard and a half and gradually grew a bushel of red, white and blue feathers.

"Shades of George M. Cohan," I

cried. 'How is it possible to perform such capers?'

"Try and guess it!" laughed Pinkie-Pink as he hopped into a garden of poison ivy.

"And that was the last of the Kafloozus bird," said Uncle Horace, "and now you must go to bed."

"Oh, goody-goody," said Winnie and Willie and Wallie. "When will you tell us another story like that?"

"Whenever I have another hangover," said Uncle Horace.

Neal R. O'Hara.



Rhymed Reviews

Star-Dust

By
Fannie Hurst. Harper & Bros.

WHILE rolling west at lightning speed,
Immersed in clouds of smoke and car-
dust,
The book I settled down to read
Was "Fannie Hurst's First Novel,"
Star-Dust.

Miss Lilly thought St. Louis crass;
She loathed the fate that loomed to
claim her;
She hated being middle-class;
She wanted Life!—you'd hardly blame
her.

So, leaving both her wedding ring
And brand-new bridegroom, Albert
Penny,
She hurried Gothamward to sing;
She felt she could as well as any.

The means by which she got her start
Were some that Mrs. Grundy censures;
But you that read these Tales of Art
Will guess our heroine's adventures.

Alas! her songs were nothing choice;
But years and love bring compensations;
Her daughter Zoe's perfect voice
Fulfills the mother's aspirations.

And Lilly, far from cutting loose
With pistol, tomahawk, or bowie,
Is glad because her suitor, Bruce,
Has lost his fickle heart to Zoe.

This grayish book by Fannie Hurst
With hardly weight enough to sink it,
While not the best, is not the worst,
And may be finer than I think it.

The author's style is often marred
(I'd say by what, but rhyme's a fetter),
And if she didn't strive so hard
For brilliancy, she'd write much better.
Arthur Guiterman.

Best Novels

Clerambault, by Romain Rol-
land. An autobiographic
novel by the author of the
Jean-Christophe books.

The Borough Treasurer, by J.
S. Fletcher. One of the
books that you cannot put
down until you have fin-
ished.

When Egypt Went Broke, by
Holman Day. This story
may be described as "full of
pep." It has action without
any great literary merit.

Torchlight, by Leonie Aminoff.
Novel of Napoleonic period.

The Wreck, by Rabindranath
Tagore. This strikes us as
an attempt to interest the
American public in some-
thing that the American
public is not interested in.

Pan, by Knut Hamsun. A
Norwegian novel, by a great
Norwegian novelist.

The Brimming Cup, by Dor-
othy Canfield. A best seller
by one of the best-seller
manufacturers.

*Sight Unseen and The Only
Confession*, by Mary Roberts
Rinehart. Two stories by
one of the most deservedly
popular of our woman novel-
ists.

Mile High, by Henry C. Row-
land. A love story built
according to modern speci-
fications. Geared rather
high, but fairly absorbing.



"By the way, Henry, the Smiths are coming to dinner and the butcher has forgotten to send. So we've got to kill a chicken somehow or other."

"Couldn't we get that fellow next door to help us out? He's a medical student."

Other Books

The Salvaging of Civilization, by H. G. Wells. Advice on how to construct a new Bible: this however is incidental to the creation of a new world by Mr. Wells.

Our Social Heritage, by Graham Wallas. Interesting. Practical. Informative. Highly suggestive.

Must We Fight Japan? by Walter B. Pitkin. Bristling with facts. The author, however, lets his theme carry him away.

The Senate of the United States, by Henry Cabot Lodge. In this book the Senator writes well upon a subject he well knows.

Balkanized Europe, by Paul Scott Mowrer. If this were a story we should say it had too much description and not enough plot and character. Nevertheless it is a valuable book for those seeking information.

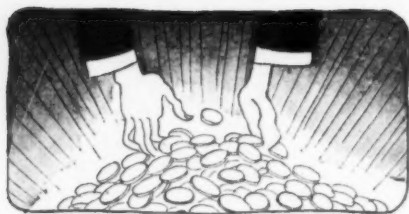
The Evolution of Sinn Fein, by Robert Mitchell Henry. What a pity the distinguished author didn't give us a fuller book on a subject we want to know accurately about. Even its brevity doesn't prevent it from being diffuse.

Points of Friction, by Agnes Repplier. The chief of our woman essayists shows no sign of falling off in her work. This last book is her finest achievement.



Since old China was a young country, strands of silk have made the finest of all fabrics. Modern science has found nothing so elegant and so strong. Phoenix hosiery leads in world sales because of the remarkable use it makes of the finest and sturdiest of silk strands. It carries men, women, and children over long miles, and at low cost furnishes an outstanding elegance that endures.

PHOENIX
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Commercialism

THE main object of the motion picture industry, as we understand it, is to turn out films that possess a strong box-office attraction. If the producers manufacture pictures that attract the public to the movie theatres, they consider that they are doing their work successfully and well.

What happens to the fans after they have deposited their earnings plus war tax at the ticket window is of no consequence to anyone but the fans themselves. They may find, upon entering the theatre, that they have been duped into paying to see a thoroughly bad film, but the fact remains, they have paid.

Of course, it occasionally happens that the poor boobs who have been stung once refuse to be stung again; but that makes no difference to the movie magnates. They keep on grinding out box-office trash—and, by the same token, they keep on losing their patronage. So that now the motion picture industry is enjoying the most magnificent slump in its brief history.

The Great Moment

WHICH leads us, logically, to a consideration of "The Great Moment"—a perfect example of the type of boob bait described above. It was written by Elinor Glyn, and acted by Gloria Swanson, and the press department of the company that produced it makes no secret of the fact that there is a great deal of sex strewn around everywhere.

It will doubtless serve its fell purpose admirably, and the local exhibitors and the trade paper critics will hail it ecstatically as a triumphant work of art. But the result will be the same falling off of attendance that has followed every production of this kind.

And the wise magnates, as usual, will proceed to wonder why they are losing money, and why patriotic American audiences are so eager to patronize German-made movies.

Where Lights Are Low

IT takes more than a lack-lustre film to dim the great talent of Sessue Hayakawa. His latest offering, "Where

The Silent Drama

Lights Are Low," is extremely cloudy in spots, but this merely serves to emphasize, and cast into sharper relief, his own pantomimic genius.

The story follows the old formula pretty closely, but it has many moments of real suspense, and gives Hayakawa a chance to indulge in some of that tragic emotionalism which is his forte. The supporting cast, composed of Chinese and Japanese players, is uniformly excellent.

Thunderclap

IF "Thunderclap" had only been produced by George M. Cohan instead of William Fox, it would be hailed as the most glorious burlesque of history. It includes every familiar ingredient that has been made infamous by constant usage in the movies, including: (1) a heroine with curls that appear to be made of bleached hemp; (2) a hero who grew up in an orphan asylum; (3) a race-horse that is owned by the hero who grew up in an orphan asylum; (4) a paralytic mother with numerous furrows in her face where the glycerine tears have plowed through the grease paint; (5) several close-ups of kiddies having their baths; (6) a brutal stepfather who runs a crooked gambling hell; (7) a lecherous Chinaman who lives in a house with an endless series of trick doors; (8) a scene showing the hero drifting down the rapids, punctuated with prizma-color views of Niagara Falls; (9) a horse race, with pictures of the cheering multitudes in the grand-stand, followed by close-ups of some unidentified horses galloping around an absolutely deserted track; (10 to 9781) and so forth.

In other words, "Thunderclap" is ham melodrama in its most malignant form.

Experience

IT may be due to blind, unreasonable prejudice on our part, but we have never been able to achieve any enthusiasm for the allegorical type of drama. That applies to allegories as written by Maeterlinck, George V. Hobart, and everybody else.

In "Experience," all the characters are symbolic of something or other. Richard Barthelmess symbolizes "Youth," Marjorie Daw "Love," and the supporting cast runs the gamut of emotions from "Passion" to "Prohibition."

The plot is the same as in all compositions of this kind: "Youth" leaves "Home" in "Search" of "Happiness" and

"Travels" the "Primrose Path" until he meets "Crime" and "Depravity" and "Home-brew," and then he realizes that it is all a hideous "Mistake."

It is just possible that the moral lesson in all this has gone a few furlongs over your correspondent's head; but we must confess that, so far as we are concerned, when you've seen one allegorical drama, you've seen the lot.

The Fight Pictures

THE movies of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight constitute a remarkably graphic record of the widely advertised "Battle of the Century," and it will be a great shame if they are withheld from the public throughout the country.

They conclusively substantiate the statement, which was published in many newspapers at the time, to the effect that Dempsey won the fight. Carpentier's one terrific rush in the second round shows up plainly, and gives the audience a chance for loud cheers, but he is seen to wilt rapidly after that, and there is never any doubt in the spectator's mind as to the ultimate outcome.

Messrs. Dempsey and Carpentier give competent performances in the leading rôles, but the former is rather apt to over-stress the big moments.

The movie is notable in that it proves to be the first we have seen this year with an unhappy ending.

A Virgin Paradise

AND speaking of fight pictures, there's "A Virgin Paradise," of which Pearl White is the star. It reveals the fact that Miss White is a logical candidate for the crown of Jack Dempsey, not to mention the crown of Strangler Lewis, or Wladek Zbyszko, or whoever the wrestling champion is now. In fact, she is the real Pearl White Hope.

The villain gets her cornered in a room (with seduction in view), and then finds that he picked the wrong woman. For Miss White engages him in a combat that is conducted on a catch-as-catch-can, every-man-for-himself and the-Marquis-of-Queensberry-be-damned basis.

Because of the robust quality of Miss White's divine right, "A Virgin Paradise" is a whole lot more entertaining than it deserves to be.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)



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know their work, a car built
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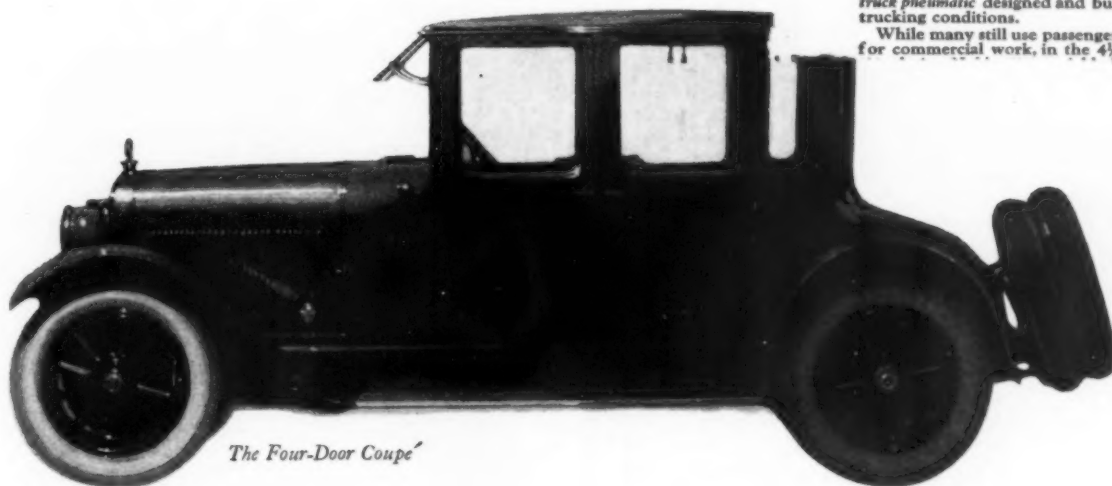
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for commercial work, in the 4½ and



The Four-Door Coupe

LAFAYETTE





Compound Interest

You were You, and I was I.
We met, we clicked, and We were Us.
And I was You, and You were me,
Our own, for all eternity.
Now It has come, and You are It,
And I am It, and happy hours
Go laughing down the happy years
While We are Us, and It is Ours!
—Coralie Stanley, in *The Triad*
(Sydney).

All Right, Joe

From the "Want" columns of an Oregon paper:

STOLE OR RUND AWAY—Been loose him bout two tree weeks now, hees almost black and white dog him tail cut off pritty close to my body. If somebotty find her, keep it, i belong to him.

JOE BOREDEAM.

—San Francisco Chronicle.



The Uncle (meeting with a very cool reception): I say, young lady, you evidently don't love me as you used to.

The Young Lady: To tell you the truth, the Prince of Wales has absolutely spoiled me for other men.
—London Opinion.

A Yankee Answer

Men much in the public eye tend to develop a line of stock stories which may be used for evading leading questions. When a shipping reporter recently asked Chairman A. D. Lasker of the Shipping Board whether or not he would support certain proposed amendments to the La Follette Act, Mr. Lasker replied:

"That reminds me of Weber & Fields' act in which Fields starts a bank and invites Weber to deposit his money. Weber asks, 'But suppose I want it back and the bank hasn't got it?' Fields scratches his head and then demands: 'Now, how the — did you ever think of such a question?'" —Wall Street Journal.

Great Discovery

FIRST PROFESSOR (in high-powered motor car): We've got it at last!

SECOND PROFESSOR: G-got w-what?

FIRST PROFESSOR: Perpetual motion—I can't stop.

—Queenslander (Brisbane).

Mystics Will Happen, Too

In a lecture at Vienna Sir Rabindranath Tagore complained that the Occident had lost touch with Nature. Occidents will happen in the best-regulated worlds.—Punch.

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One night "Smiling Dick" Carney, a professional turf gambler, had a dream. The air was thick with hats. Headgear of every description floated about in disordered profusion. The following afternoon, on arrival at the race-track, the first name on the day's list of entries was Hatteras. It was a four-to-one shot, and Carney invested heavily on the tip.

The race started. Hatteras trailed slightly at the quarter. He was neck and neck with the leader at the half. He passed the three-quarter post half a length ahead. Then the entire bunch thundered down the home stretch past the exultant gambler. Carney was some distance from the post and could not determine the winner.

In a moment the result was announced. "Sombreto -wins!"—Everybody's.

Passing the Buck

KINDLY OLD WOMAN: You are a very nice little boy to give your candy to your little friend.

YOUTHFUL HARD GUY: Aw, he ain't no friend of mine.

"Then why did you give him the candy?"

"The flies was botherin' me."

—Youngstown Telegram.

The Altruist

SCEPTIC: If you have such an infallible remedy for baldness, why don't you use it?

SUBTLE BARBER (very bald): Ah, sir, I sacrifice my appearance to bring 'ome to clients the 'orror of 'airlessness.

—Punch.

Plenty of Time

FIRST LITTLE GIRL: What's your last name, Annie?

SECOND LITTLE GIRL: Don't know yet; I ain't married.

—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Girls, Girls!

HEADLINE IN NEWSPAPERS: "Girl carpenter drives nail like lightning." The meaning probably is she never hits twice in the same place.—Buffalo Express.

If drinking interferes with your business, tell the boss where you get it.
—Wall Street Journal.

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THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26)

Footlights. Paramount.—Elsie Ferguson is surpassingly good as an ambitious New England girl who becomes a famous Russian actress.

Shame. Fox.—A wealthy young American is suddenly told that he is a half-breed Chinaman, and the news upsets him considerably. The story is well constructed, and the thrills are numerous.

Don't Neglect Your Wife. Goldwyn.—Slow-moving tripartite drama which is, however, a faithful representation of social life in San Francisco, and the Five Points of New York fifty years ago.

Crazy to Marry. Paramount.—Fatty Arbuckle contributes his weight to a slap-stick farce, and succeeds in providing about one laugh per ounce. He is materially aided by the pertly pretty Lila Lee, and the not so pertly pretty Bull Montana.

Nobody. First National.—Another trial scene. The title of the picture would be more appropriate if the word "home" were added.

Little Italy. Realart.—A pleasant little tale of life in an immigrant colony, enlivened by the excellent acting of Alice Brady and George Fawcett.

Mother o' Mine. Associated Producers.—It is not nearly as bad as the name would imply. There is a lot of effective hokum, including the usual mad race to Sing Sing with a last-minute pardon from the Governor.

The Conquering Power. Metro.—Carefully modulated screen version of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet," with some fine scenes, good acting and unusually beautiful photography.

The Old Nest. Goldwyn.—Rupert Hughes's reaction to William Fox's "Over the Hill."

The Queen of Sheba. Fox.—William Fox's reaction to the Old Testament.

Sentimental Tommy. Paramount.—An altogether delightful interpretation of Barrie.

The Sign on the Door. First National.—Norma Talmadge lets herself go, and the result is a melodrama of sure-fire appeal.

The Golem. Riesenfeld.—A foreign picture that strikes an entirely new note in motion picture production—and strikes it hard.

The March Hare. Realart.—If you don't like Bebe Daniels, you won't like this picture. If, on the other hand, you do like Bebe Daniels, you won't like this picture.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Fox.—A successful substitution of modern movie slap-stick comedy for Mark Twain's satire.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"The Affairs of Anatol," "The Midnight Bell" and "At the End of the World."

Attention, Mr. Hays

Kansas paper—Bert Hammond while drunk yesterday tried to drive his car into the post office, but failed on account of the door being too narrow. There have been many other complaints recently about the narrowness of the door at the post office.—*Boston Transcript*.



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